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MY QUEEN



MARION MARLOWE IN INDIANAPOLIS
OR THE ADVENTURE OF DR. BROOKES
BY GRACE SHIRLEY

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Here Is Health

53 Leading St., Cleveland, O.,
Oct. 7, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to inform you that your Remedies have completely cured me. I was troubled with weak lungs and chest, and also had catarrh. I know the Slocum System is the best in the world, and I will recommend your medicine to all who may be in need of Remedies of their character.

Yours truly,

HARRY L. LYON.

McComb, Pike Co., Miss.,
Oct. 2, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I write to let you know that your Remedies have entirely cured my little girl of scrofula and I feel very thankful to you for all your kindness.

Yours respectfully,

MALISIA ADISON.

Wesson, Copiah Co., Miss.,
Oct. 4, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your kind letter I wish to say that since taking your Remedies I am sound as a dollar. I believe had it not been for your medicine I would now be in my grave. I feel very thankful to you for the cure that was performed in my case, and beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. VAN NORDEN.

Woodland, St. Joseph Co.,
Oct. 9, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—My little boy had catarrh in the head very badly. When he was five years old I saw your medicine advertised and tried it and he now is entirely cured. I can highly recommend your medicine to anyone.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. ASA TABER.

Grave Park, Alachua Co., Fla.,
Oct. 19, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I received your letter, also the Remedies that you sent at my request and I beg you will pardon my long delay in writing to you to recommend your good medicine. The pain in my breast has vanished and I am feeling a great deal stronger than before. I shall recommend your Remedies to all in my town who are suffering from consumption or any disorder of the throat, chest and lungs. Thanking you very kindly for what you have done for me, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

M. T. BOOKER.

Orin, Oneida Co., N. Y.,
Sept. 5, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—The cough which has troubled me so long is now entirely gone, and I owe my restoration to your wonderful Remedies. I am feeling stronger every day, for

I feel very thankful to you,

I recommend your Remedies

to all who are

suffering from

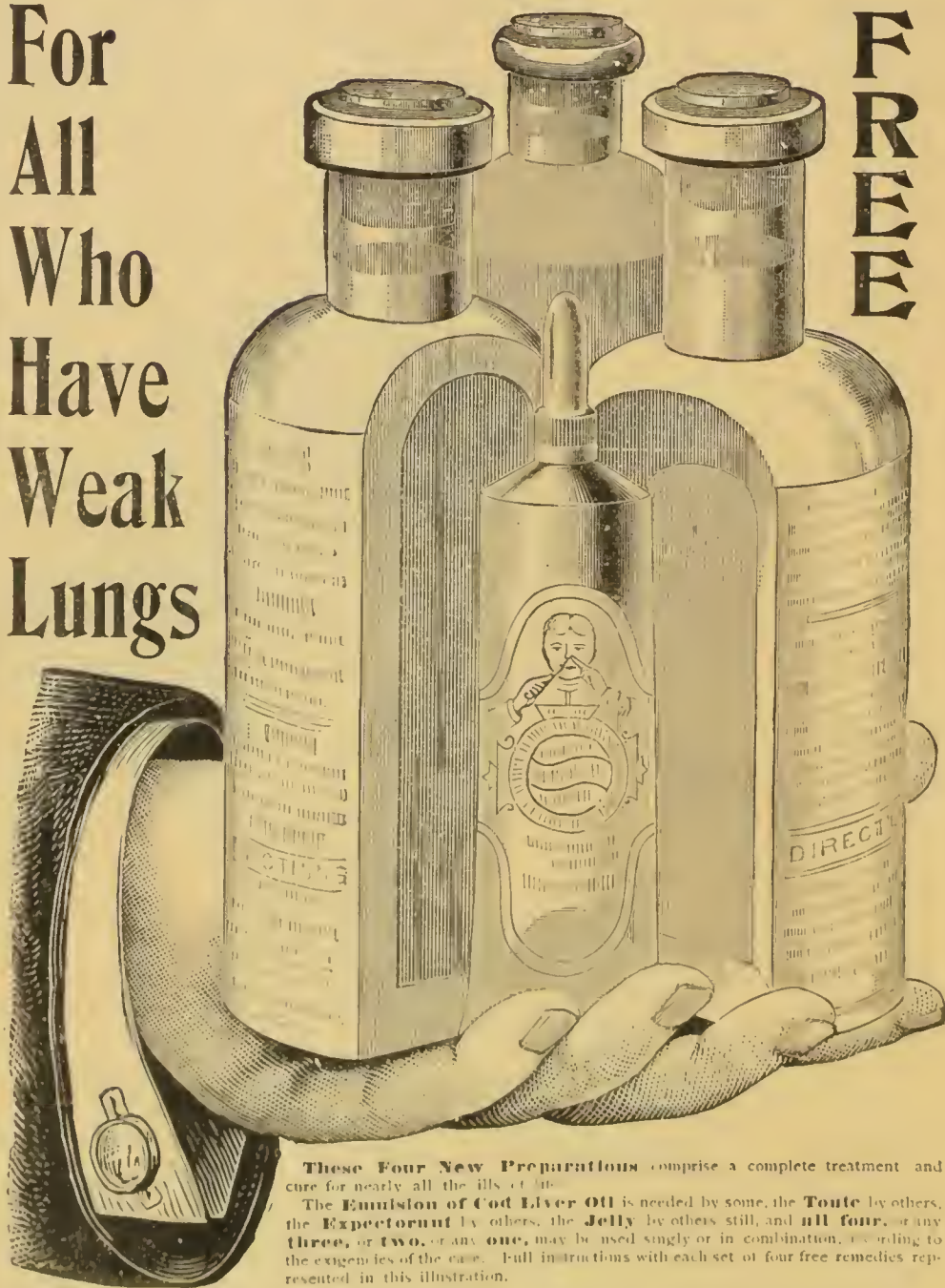
weak lungs.

Yours truly,

W. H. DARTING.

For
All
Who
Have
Weak
Lungs

FREE



These Four New Preparations comprise a complete treatment and cure for nearly all the ills of the

The Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is needed by some, the Tonic by others, the Expecto-rant by others, the Jelly by others still, and all four, or any three, or two, or any one, may be used singly or in combination, according to the exigencies of the case. Full instructions with each set of four free remedies represented in this illustration.

THESE FOUR REMEDIES

Represent a New system of treatment for the cure of consumption and those suffering from wasting diseases, weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, catarrh, bronchitis and other pulmonary troubles, or inflammatory conditions of nose, throat and lungs.

The treatment is free. You have only to write to obtain it.

By the New system devised by DR. T. A. SLOCUM, the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, the needs of the sick body are supplied by the FOUR distinct remedies constituting his Special Treatment, known as the Slocum System.

Whatever your disease, one or more of these four remedies will be of wonderful benefit and will cure you.

According to the needs of your case fully explained in the Treatise given free with the free remedies.

The ailments of women and delicate children are speedily relieved.

The four remedies form a bulwark of strength against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

They Cure.

THE FREE TRIAL.

To obtain these four FREE preparations, that have never yet failed to cure all you have to do is to write, mentioning My OFFICE to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine Street, New York, giving full address. The four free remedies will then be sent you at once.

MY QUEEN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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MARION MARLOWE IN INDIANAPOLIS;

OR,

THE ADVENTURE OF DOCTOR BROOKES.

By GRACE SHIRLEY.

CHAPTER I.

A PLOT BY RASCALS.

"By Jove, Holbrook! Look at that beautiful girl! The one in the carriage, I mean. Gad! isn't she a stunner!"

The exclamation was made by a well-dressed, shrewd-looking young man, who was standing with a companion on a corner of the principal thoroughfare in the city of Indianapolis.

As he uttered the exclamation his companion, who was a much older man, turned and glared at him furiously.

"Didn't I tell you not to call me by that name?" he asked, in a low but angry tone. "Holbrook will do for New York or Boston, but not for Chicago or Indianapolis. Don't forget, young man, that you are in a dangerous business, and that it will pay you to be just a little bit cautious."

The young man had not taken his eyes

from the carriage, and if the angry retort alarmed him, he did not show it.

"Look at her, Denison—if that suits you better! You may never have a chance to see a face like that again. Why, talk about Helen of Troy! She's Helen and Cleopatra and all the rest of them put together!" he went on, glibly.

"She's a stunner, all right! Sweetest face I ever saw," assented the other. "Who the deuce is she, do you suppose? Must be a stranger in the city."

"I've seen her before, I'm sure of it," said the younger man, with a puzzled look on his face; "but I suppose it is no time to think of pretty girls now. As you say, we are up against a dangerous business."

He put his fingers in his vest pocket idly in search of a cigar, but there was none there, so he drew out a pencil and balanced it idly between his fingers.

He was a handsome young fellow, whose full name was Philip Dunlap, but, when his companion spoke to him, he omitted the last name purposely.

"It isn't the game that is so dangerous as the place," was the answer. "I did a little trick of this same kind here about a year ago, and the bother of it is the authorities have not forgotten me."

"Then wouldn't it be advisable to move the scene of action farther on?" asked the young fellow, carelessly. "I don't see the sense of running any chances."

A contemptuous laugh broke from the older man's lips, and his eyes were fixed upon his companion in a look of disgust.

"You'll find this business is all chance, my young man, before you are through with it. We have to follow our game—it isn't likely that our game will follow us; and there's a rich haul in this city to-night if we are clever enough to capture it."

"You mean Dr. Brookes, the rich chap who is indulging a fad at present. He is playing at acting in the Temple Theatrical Company, and wears a watch and chain that are worth a small fortune."

"And carries something of a wad, as well as a check-book," added the other. "He's a tenderfoot, you might say, in this part of the country, and—well, there's a place down on Pike street that you and I both know! Now, if the doctor could be induced to walk in that direction, say, some time after the performance this evening——"

"I'll do that part if you'll do the rest," was the prompt answer. "I've got a story that will do for his ears. He's a philanthropic individual, and a tale of want and woe will catch him."

"Then I'll look for him to walk by Gerry's on Pike street at midnight or a little after—and remember, Phil, this is a fair and square divvy. There ought to be a cool two thou-

sand in the fellow. But we'll know better about that when we get a look at his check-book." Then both looked involuntarily toward a cigar store on the corner.

"That girl came from New York, you can bet," said the young man, indifferently, as they both started to replenish their pockets with their favorite weed. "She's got the city style, and an Eastern city at that. I can tell a New York girl the whole world over."

"Her companion was a mighty stylish girl, too," was the suddenly pleasant answer. "Not so beautiful, of course, but striking and attractive. Well, if we've got to stay in this town for twenty-four hours longer it strikes me there is our chance for a little entertainment."

This last was said for the benefit of the store-keeper, who had come forward with alacrity to wait on his customers.

"But they are gone from our gaze, and as we are not detectives, but only poor commercial travelers, we can't very well shadow them," said Phil Dunlap, laughing; then he suddenly stopped short and stared at a picture upon the counter. "There she is! Or, at least, there's her picture!" he cried, pointing at a lithograph of a beautiful woman. "Well, of all things, Denison, the girl is an actress! She's Miss Marion Marlowe, the star of the Temple Theatrical Company!"

The two men stared at each other for a minute, then the elder suddenly recovered his composure.

"Ye gods! who would have thought that beautiful girl was an actress! Why, she looked more like a field daisy straight from her father's farm! The picture doesn't do her justice, Phil; but those lithographs never do, they are a libel on beauty. She's as much handsomer than that as—well, as I am than you. That's the best comparison I can make, old fellow!"

"I'll forgive you your comparison, because

"I hate to lick you," was the answer, as the young man selected his cigars carefully.

A moment later they had left the store and were standing in a safe place—the middle of the sidewalk.

"Of course, she will be at English's; it's the best theatre," said Denison, coolly; "and we have no rivals to fear in this God-forsaken town. What do you say—shall we tackle both jobs, Phil, make love to the star first and 'go' the leading man later?"

"It might be a good way to get acquainted," laughed Dunlap. "The girl would probably tell us a lot, and, I presume, they will play here for three nights, at least."

"All right! Then we'll do the 'Johnny' act and wait at the stage door," began Denison, when the other interrupted:

"What! And get turned down hard for our pains! Not on your life, Denison! I've heard of Marion Marlowe before. She has no use for 'Johnnies.' Devoted to her art, and all that sort of thing. 'As pure as she is beautiful,' you know, old fellow!"

"Bosh! She's on the stage, isn't she? Well, that's enough! However, if you can suggest anything better, why let's have it!"

Phil Dunlap knit his brows for a minute.

"I shall go to English's and take a seat in a box. If I can obtain a legitimate introduction, of course I will; at all events, I shall certainly become acquainted with that girl this very evening."

"If you fail it will be the first time. You are a fiend among women," laughed the other. "But don't become so infatuated that you forget your play. Report to me at eleven-thirty at Gerry's. If it can't all be done to-night—but, hang it, it must be! The police may learn that I am here by to-morrow!"

"It shall all be done to-night, mark my words!" was the answer. "I will make the acquaintance of the prettiest girl on earth, and you shall have our bird in your net not two hours later!"

"That settles it! Good-by," said the elder man, grimly; "I must run in and see a customer of mine just around the corner."

The two men laughed lightly for the benefit of some people who were passing as Dunlap replied.

"Hope you sell him a good bill, old man."

They looked exactly like two jolly friends indulging in a bit of gay banter. In reality, they were almost strangers, and both sharpers and "bunco steerers" of the blackest order.

CHAPTER II.

MISS ALLYN'S LOVER.

While the two sharpers were plotting on the street corner, the beautiful star of the theatrical company and her friend, Alma Allyn, were enjoying a drive about the Western city.

It was Marion Marlowe's first trip West, and she was enjoying every hour of it, although the tour thus far had been full of dangerous adventure.

With a young girl's hopefulness, she was trying to forget all these disagreeable experiences of the past, and, as they rode slowly along, the two girls talked merrily.

"It isn't a very pretty city, is it, Alma?" asked Marion, as her great gray eyes wandered here and there. "Not as pretty as Cleveland, or even Columbus."

"I guess you are right, Marion; but I do hope it is a safer one," was the laughing answer. "I trust we will have no explosions or rascals to deal with in Indianapolis, and both of those pleasures are sacred to the memory of Cleveland and Columbus!"

"Oh, I feel sure nothing can happen here," laughed Marion. "I am almost afraid we will not do good business; still, we have been very successful so far, haven't we?"

"Much more so than it seemed possible we could be at first, with such a lot of 'greenies' in the cast," said Miss Allyn. "I doubt if an

'all star' cast could have done much better; and yet, Bert and the doctor and I were not even amateurs. Not one of us had ever been before the footlights until we made this venture."

"And yet, with all our success, Mr. Temple is not happy," sighed Marion. "Poor man, he seems wretchedly distressed at times. I can't understand what ails him, Alma!"

Her friend turned and stared at her with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Well, every one else knows if you don't, Miss Innocence!" she said, gayly. "Why, the man is love-sick—out and out love-sick, Marion! And it's no mild attack, I can tell you, you little siren!"

"Oh, Alma!"

Marion's cry was pathetic, for her friend's words hurt her. When she finished the exclamation her voice fell lower.

"I am sure he loves me, but, really, I did not think it was that, which was making him so miserable! Dear me, why is it that I cause so much grief? I don't want to make people unhappy, Alma!"

"And you can't make them happy by marrying them all," said Miss Allyn, putting her arm about her. "Why, dear me, Marion, you would have no end of weddings! Surely, the men must be geese not to understand your position."

Marion's white lids fell and her cheeks flushed a little.

"The doctor loves me, yet he does not grow pale and fret as Mr. Temple is doing," she whispered, softly. "He is as bright and cheerful as ever, and as brave as a lion."

"Dr. Brookes is a wonder! There's not another man on earth like him!" was the enthusiastic answer. "He is noble straight through to his backbone, the dear fellow! Why, even Archie Ray ran away because he loved you!"

"Yes, and in so doing deprived me of the

company of two of my best friends, himself and his sister," said the young girl, sadly. "Oh, I can't understand why he should be so silly! If a man did not love me, I would not show that I felt it, I can tell you."

"It's harder for some natures to hide that sort of thing than for others," said Miss Allyn, soberly; "but we had better go back to the theatre now, dear. You know Mr. Deering has called a rehearsal at eleven."

"Oh, Alma! Do see that young man on the corner!" cried Marion, suddenly. "I am almost certain he is sick or something!"

Miss Allyn glanced around. There was a handsome, athletic-looking young man leaning heavily against a lamp-post on the corner. He was well-dressed and so fastidious in his appearance that it did not seem possible he could have been drinking.

"Drive a little nearer that corner," Miss Allyn called out to the driver. "If that young man is sick, you had better help him!"

The driver reined the horses nearer to the curb, and, just at that moment, Marion gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Oh, Alma! Is it possible you don't know him?" she cried, sharply. "Why, that is Mr. Fairfax—your own Mr. Fairfax!"

Alma Allyn stood up in the carriage, her eyes dilating with terror, which was rapidly changed to delight.

"It is! Oh, it is! And to think, I didn't know him! Oh, Henry, where in the world did you come from, and what is the matter?"

At her excited cry the young man turned quickly. In an instant the girls could see that his face was wreathed in smiles, and that his peculiar attitude had all been assumed.

"Your sharp eyes have spoiled all my fun, Miss Marlowe," he cried, gayly, as he came quickly to the carriage and clasped Miss Allyn's hands in an ardent manner. "I did not mean that you should see me until to-night. You see, I was sent here on business of a very

private nature, and, as I would have no time to devote to you to-day, I meant to obey the maxim of 'business before pleasure' and then take you by storm this evening at the theatre."

"And you thought we would pass you and not know you," laughed Marion. "Well, you see my eyes are too sharp for that. I knew you in spite of the change in your appearance."

Mr. Fairfax clapped his hand to his mouth to hide the false mustache he was wearing, and his eyes twinkled with merriment as he looked at his sweetheart.

"It's my very last case—I swear it, Alma!" he said, seriously. "Really, the detective habit can't be broken in a minute, and this special case offers great inducements. If I succeed, it means fame and a lot of money."

"I suppose you can't give us so much as a hint of what it is," said Alma, softly. "But, oh, Henry, I am awfully, awfully glad to see you! I expected you would come to St. Louis, but not to Indianapolis."

"I have to follow my game," laughed the young detective, gayly; "and, instead of going farther West, they are at present in this city, though what they expect to find here is an unfathomable mystery."

"Speaking of detective work, just wait until I tell you what Marion did in Columbus," began Miss Allyn, but Marion interrupted her.

"Not now, Alma, dear! I am sure Mr. Fairfax is in a hurry. You heard him say he must attend to business."

"Oh, but I hate to let him go so soon," Alma replied, blushing. "Just think! I haven't seen him since—when? Oh, two weeks to-morrow!"

"Well, that is an age; still, you must be reasonable," laughed her friend; "but he is coming to the theatre, and you must be sure and come early, Mr. Fairfax."

"Yes, come early," echoed Miss Allyn, as he moved away. "Marion was never in love, so she don't understand, Henry! Just wait until her turn comes, and see how much sympathy I will give her!"

"I'll be with you at the earliest possible moment, darling," laughed the young man, raising his hat; "but in the meantime, think of me girls! I've got to find my game as well as glory before evening!"

CHAPTER III.

CONFIDENCES.

"Oh, Alma! I am so delighted! Why, I am almost as glad to see him as you are, dear! And how well he is looking, in spite of that mustache."

Marion's eyes sparkled with pleasure as she spoke the words, and Alma Allyn squeezed her hand in gratitude.

"He does look well, and I am just perfectly happy!" was the reply, and then Miss Allyn turned to the young actress and bent a searching look upon her.

"Now confess, Marion, dear," she said, almost in a whisper, "isn't there any one in the world whom you love as I do Henry? No one whose presence makes your heart beat faster, and whose words make all the world a little brighter?"

Marion's gray eyes grew dark as she answered, slowly:

"I like Archie Ray and the doctor very much, indeed, Alma. I am very happy, indeed, to have them near, but I think—in fact, I am sure—that I do not feel toward them as you feel toward Mr. Fairfax. They add to my enjoyment, but that is all. I could be happy, I think, even though I could not see them."

"Oh, dear! I did hope for a different answer!" said Miss Allyn, laughing. "But never mind, dearie, it will surely come. You

will fall in love some day, and I do hope he will be worthy."

"There is Dr. Brookes now," remarked Marion as they drove up before the entrance to English's Opera House.

A strikingly handsome young man, dressed in faultless style, came forward as she spoke, and, as they all walked around to the stage door, they laughed and chatted.

"I have a bit of news for you, young ladies," said the doctor, gayly. "Marion has 'made a mash,' as our friends, the gallery gods, say. There was a very fine-looking young man in the lobby just now asking questions about her."

"Not impertinent ones, I hope!" said Miss Allyn, severely.

"On the contrary, he was most polite," was the doctor's reply. "He simply asked about her record as an actress, and was anxious to learn what part of the country she came from."

"A newspaper reporter, perhaps," said Marion. "I hope you gave a good account of me, doctor."

"Oh, I let Bert do the talking, and he did it right, too," laughed the young physician. "If there's any one thing Bert delights in, it is talking about our star, and, while he adheres strictly to the truth, he doesn't mind embellishing it a little. To quote his own words, he says it is the 'advertising habit.' He has been helping the advance agent hoon the show until it has become second nature to exaggerate a little."

"Oh, Miss Marlowe!" called out a gay voice as the trio reached the scene-room, "you just ought to have been here half an hour ago! Has the doctor told you about your new admirer?"

Miss Ellis, the *ingénue* of the company, was coming to meet them, and Bert Jackson, the comedian, was just behind her.

"Pshaw! What does one admirer, more or

less, mean to Marion?" called out Bert. "She's had so many in her life that she has lost count by this time! She'd have to open a set of books if she intended to keep track of them!"

"Miss Marlowe is to be envied," said the *ingénue*, turning to him with a little pout. "She has admirers galore, and I never had one! Why, oh, why are not the good things of life a little more evenly distributed?"

"You can have as many of mine as you wish," laughed Marion; "I mean of the ones that I make on the road, Miss Ellis! Some way, I don't feel inclined to appreciate their homage."

"You are satiated with admiration, while I am hungry for it," said Miss Ellis, again. "Here I am, nineteen years old, and no man has ever yet said that he loved me!"

In an instant Bert Jackson had dropped to his knees, and turned his eyes up languishingly to her merry face.

"Not another hour, not a minute, shall such conditions exist!" he cried, dramatically. "Know, then, oh Star of my Soul, idol of my life, that my heart is yours, and that I love you to distraction!"

"You can't ask for anything more than that, certainly, Miss Ellis," roared the doctor: "why, Bert has even declared his love in the presence of witnesses!"

"A dangerous thing to do with some girls," said the manager of the company, coming in just then. "Miss Chester, for instance, would have taken advantage of that in a jiffy. I always thought her spite-work in Columbus was because Bert wouldn't marry her."

"Will some one please tell me whether my love is being reciprocated?" asked Bert, who was still upon his knees, gazing ardently at Miss Ellis.

"Pooh! You are only a boy! I said a man," replied Miss Ellis, gayly, but her cheeks were crimson and she glanced timidly at Marion.

No one else in the company knew the *ingénue's* secret except the star, but it was only too true that Miss Ellis really loved Bert, and the young man's indifference had caused her much sorrow.

As soon as she could, Marion managed to change the subject, and Bert rose from his knees, eyeing his dusty trousers ruefully.

"Well, I did my best, anyway," he said, with a sigh. "She can't say again that no man has declared himself. Why, the idea of her saying I am not a man! I'm as old as she is, and she calls herself a woman!"

"That's a unique argument," said Dr. Brookes, patting him on the shoulder: "but tell me, Bert, how did you get rid of the masher, and what is your honest opinion of the fellow?"

Bert came back to his sober senses promptly at the question, but he waited until the three girls had gone to their dressing-rooms before he answered.

"I hardly know what to make of him," he said, very soberly. "He told me he saw Marion pass in a carriage, and that her face impressed him; so he had to come here and find out all about her. Of course, he knew who she was from seeing our lithographs, but that wasn't enough—he wanted her history."

"Which he got, after your own weird and wonderful fashion of telling," laughed the doctor. "There's no use, Bert, you are a dandy at telling a story! I thought I would burst when you described her old father."

"Well, I wanted to make a marked contrast between her life on the farm and her present surroundings," explained Bert, eagerly. "You see, that chap may be a writer or from a paper or something, and I wanted to make the story startling as well as pathetic. All pathetic stories have a stern or irate father, you know," he went on, loftily; "and, of course my story could not be an exception. There wasn't any harm in mentioning Hick-

orytown, was there, doc, or of mentioning the names of two or three of those old hay-seeds who were Marion's neighbors?"

"Not the slightest, my boy! And you made a good story, I assure you! If I had your knack of narrating yarns, I'd give up the practice of medicine and go into fiction," laughed the doctor.

Bert laid his hand on the "leading man's" shoulder and looked him squarely in the eye.

"You are a Jack at all trades, doc, and master of them all as well! There's nothing on earth that you couldn't do! All you need is an incentive, and that incentive is Marion Marlowe!"

The young physician blushed like a girl, but he stared back at Bert with a smile in his eyes as he answered:

"Better shake, my boy! You are cut on the same pattern! We are both in the same boat, but we'll pull squarely, eh, Jackson?"

CHAPTER IV.

A STRANGE PROCEEDING.

The auditorium of the opera house was not over well filled when the curtain rose for the evening performance. Mr. Temple, the manager and proprietor, looked over the house carefully and his brow darkened a little, for he had hoped for better business.

"The boxes are well filled," whispered one of the ushers in his ear. "It's seldom we see as many folks as that in those chairs. That'll help the receipts a little, Mr. Temple."

The manager nodded, and glanced at the boxes. As he did so, he noticed something that struck him as being singular.

The upper boxes were well filled, as the usher had said, but the two lower boxes, one on each side of the house, were entirely empty, with the exception of a solitary gentleman in each, who entered just as he glanced at them.

As the two men seated themselves, they seemed to discover each other, and Mr. Temple saw first a look of surprise and then one of amusement pass over their faces.

He thought no more about it until the close of the first act, when he went behind the curtain and was looking the house over through the "peep-hole."

"Take a look at those two chaps, Bert," he said to Bert Jackson, who was right behind him. "I may be wrong, but it strikes me that there is something curious about them. They've both been watching Miss Marlowe like hawks, and one fellow nearly burst his gloves applauding at the 'curtain.'"

He moved from the "peep-hole," but Bert did not turn from the piece of stage furniture that he was adjusting.

"Oh, I know who one of them is, all right," he said, carelessly. "He's the fellow that was here before the performance. He was looking for Miss Marlowe's history, and I gave it to him with variations."

"Which is he, the old one or the young?" asked the manager, putting his eye again to the hole.

"He's about thirty, a blonde, good looking, but a trifle queer-looking. He's in the left proscenium," was the young man's glib answer.

"Well, as it happens, there are two of them there at this minute," said Mr. Temple, in surprise. "Come and pick him out for me. Bert, it won't take but a minute."

Bert dropped his work and put his eye to the hole. A whistle of surprise followed his first observation.

"If that ain't Henry Fairfax, I'll eat my hat," he said, under his breath. "Why, Miss Allyn will go crazy when she knows he is here, but where the dickens did he get that blond moustache? His face was as smooth as mine two weeks ago in New York, and

now he's got an upper lip that exactly rivals the masher's!"

"Well, your information is lucid, I must say," remarked Mr. Temple, dryly. "For Heaven's sake, point out some difference in the fellows! Which is Miss Allyn's lover, and which is the masher?"

"Fairfax has on tan gloves and the other chap has gray ones. There you are, Mr. Temple!"

The manager looked again, and took a good survey of the masher. He had his own reasons for wishing to know who was interested in Miss Marlowe.

"The old chap alone in the other box has missed his location, I guess," laughed Bert. "He ought to be in the front row, by good rights. He probably would be there if we had a ballet."

The orchestra started just then, and, as it did so, Mr. Temple saw an usher enter the box opposite the one in which the detective sat, hand the occupant an envelope and withdraw. Hastily opening the note, he read it, then rose from his seat, picked up his hat and coat and walked out.

As he did so Mr. Temple was amazed to see Mr. Fairfax staring at the empty box, while he threw his own coat over his arm and started to leave the box.

The next moment the theatre was in darkness, as the curtain was about to rise.

Mr. Temple smiled, for he felt sure that there was some special reason for Mr. Fairfax leaving his box so soon after the man in the opposite box. He determined at the first opportunity to visit the box still occupied by the remaining stranger and see if he had any connection with the strange occurrence.

Before Mr. Temple could collect his wits the footlights were turned on and Deering, the stage manager, had given the order to raise the curtain.

When Mr. Temple reached the box the

"masher," as Bert called him, still sat watching for Marion.

Mr. Temple removed his hat and sat down in one of the chairs. As Alma Allyn came on the stage, she glanced eagerly in that direction, and Mr. Temple knew at once that Bert had told her of her lover's presence."

The disappointed look upon her face was proof of this, but Mr. Temple was too busy with his thoughts to waste much sympathy on his "leading heavy."

A moment later Marion was in the center of the stage, looking so radiantly beautiful that he did not blame his companion for leaning nearer to the railing. The moment she made her exit he moved his chair a little, and, as the young man turned, he smiled at him, pleasantly.

"I am Mr. Temple, the manager of this company. I came into the box to have a look at Miss Marlowe. My star is one of the few actresses I like to watch from the audience."

His words completely disarmed the stranger, who took the opportunity to ask a few more questions.

"She is perfectly beautiful! How long has she been on the stage, Mr. Temple? I've heard of her before, but this is the first time I have seen her."

"Oh, she's entirely new to the boards," was the manager's cautious answer, "but she's a wonder in that way. She hardly needed any training. Miss Marlowe is a genius, a natural-born artist!"

"You have a great company," said the young man again. "That comedian, now, is an awfully funny fellow! May I ask if he is as new to the boards as Miss Marlowe."

"Oh, this is the first month of his career," said Mr. Temple, honestly, "and I regret to say that he will soon retire permanently. A rich chap, you know. Goes to Harvard in November."

"And the leading man?" asked the stranger, falling off a little in interest. "I see he is on the programme as Michael De Angelo. Of course, that's a stage name to hide his identity."

"Yes, and because of that, I cannot tell you who he is," said Mr. Temple, quietly. "But it's a pity his vocation is not that of an actor! He is a magnificent support to Miss Marlowe."

The fellow seemed to be musing as the second act progressed, and, at its finish, he turned and saw Mr. Temple still beside him.

"Your leading man is in love with your star—generally so, I mean," he remarked, very shrewdly.

"Well, I can't blame him a little bit, for I'm in love with her myself! I'd go to the ends of the earth to win such a woman!"

Mr. Temple sighed, but he felt strangely drawn to the fellow. "Every one loves Miss Marlowe," he said, quietly, "but you will like her better in the third act, my friend. I am sorry that my duties forbid my remaining any longer with you." The young man nodded and turned back to the stage. For the first time he noticed the absence of the man in the other box. He had been so interested in Miss Marlowe that he had quite forgotten him. Now he looked around sharply, but the man could not be seen.

The next minute he was consulting his watch and referring to the programme. Just as the curtain rose upon the third act of the play he rose from his chair and quietly left the theatre.

CHAPTER V.

A CLEVER RUSE.

At the close of the third act Dr. Brookes was in his dressing-room alone, when an *attaché* of the theatre brought him a letter. He tore it open hastily and then gave a whistle of

surprise, after which he proceeded to read it very carefully.

"DR. REGINALD BROOKES—Dear Sir," the letter ran. "I regret exceedingly that I cannot make this communication in person, but, as it is impossible, I hasten with explanations. I am a commercial traveler representing Simonds & Co., of Cleveland. I came in at seven this morning, and during my journey my attention was attracted several times to a traveling companion, a man whom most men would call a typical 'hayseed.' This man's name was Joshua Marlowe, and he hailed from Hickorytown, Conn. I should not have given the man a thought had he not stupidly jumped from the train as it slacked up a few blocks below the depot. Myself and other passengers made inquiries later and found that he had been picked up insensible and taken to 'Gerry's,' a sort of combination rum-shop and hotel, in that vicinity.' This afternoon I saw Marion Marlowe, your star, and was smitten with her beauty. You heard me 'pumping' your comedian in the lobby regarding her history, and now, I trust, you will understand my motive. That beautiful young girl's father is lying at death's door in this city. It is for you to say whether she shall be told or not. If I were not obliged to leave town I would be pleased to see Joshua Marlowe and report his condition. As it is I cannot; therefore, I leave this letter."

The epistle was written in a firm, clear hand, with the signature, "Philip S. Dunlap," affixed with a flourish.

Dr. Brookes turned it over and over in his hand in a mystified manner. It was a simple communication, and seemed to radiate candor.

In an instant he had decided that Marion must not know of it until he had proven the truth, but the thing that puzzled him most was Joshua Marlowe's errand.

What in the world had brought the old

farmer to Indianapolis? Bert Jackson came in just then, so the doctor slipped the letter into his pocket. He did not intend to tell even Bert until he had reflected a little. Bert was overflowing with good humor, and proceeded to talk at once. He was too gay himself to notice his friend's abstraction.

"I tell you, Marion Marlowe is the greatest actress on the English-speaking stage," he began, excitedly. "She is as beautiful as all the beautiful women put together, with a batch of cherubs, angels and goddesses added!"

"And to think that she was only a simple country girl," said the doctor, shrewdly; "the daughter of a farmer, a rosebud straight from the kitchen-garden!"

"There weren't any rosebuds in Joshua Marlowe's garden, you can bet!" interrupted Bert, rudely; "the deacon's taste ran more to marigolds and cabbages. No, sir, the only rosebuds on that farm were Marion and Dollie, and now Marion is blossoming in the eyes of the whole world! Oh, it's a victory to be proud of, I tell you, doctor!"

"Is Joshua Marlowe proud of her?" asked the young physician again, in the hope of leading Bert around to the proper subject.

"You bet he is! But it is only lately!" cried Bert. "He was awfully boorish and bull-headed at first, but they say now, since Marion has been sending him the papers that praise her so highly, he's actually bought himself a stove-pipe hat and wears a collar instead of a bandana on Sunday."

The doctor laughed, but he was growing nervous. He could hardly bring himself to ask the next question:

"Wouldn't you think he'd want to see her on the stage, Jackson? Why didn't he ever come to see her when she was playing in New York? I understand she supplies him with money."

Bert shook his head.

"The old man is too stingy for that," he said, slowly. "I've never heard of his leaving Hickorytown but once."

Here something amusing crossed Bert's brain, and he burst out laughing.

"He got caught in a 'green-goods' game once," he explained, with a broad grin, but he always said it was because his son-in-law worked the deal. Now, they tell me he's in another one on his own hook, the old sinner!"

"And that might take him anywhere," said the doctor, quickly.

"Well, I only hope his daughter does not know that particular trait in his character."

"She ought to know. It cost her enough the first time," began Bert, but a call to the stage stopped him.

When he had gone the doctor drew the letter he had received from his pocket again. He could understand now that it was possible for Marion's father to be in Indianapolis.

Marion and Miss Allyn waited in the scene-room for some time after the performance was over, but they were surprised at not seeing either Bert or the doctor.

Mr. Temple came up to them and offered to escort them home. He had no news for them of the missing ones except that they had left the theatre together.

"And it is so strange that Henry is not here," said Miss Allyn, frowning. "He promised to be at the theatre this evening, and Bert told me he was sure he saw him in a box. It is all very curious. I don't understand it!"

"Don't let it worry you, dear," it is probably his work that is detaining him," said Marion, sweetly.

Mr. Temple moved closer to Miss Allyn, so that none of the stage hands should hear him.

"Is Mr. Fairfax here on business—private business?" he asked, softly; "for if he is, I

can swear that he is busy! I saw him myself in the left-hand box—and, what is more, I saw his 'quarry'—the man he is after! Mark my words, Miss Allyn—your lover is mighty clever!"

Miss Allyn stared at him and so did Marion, but Mr. Temple only laughed in a tantalizing manner.

"When you see him, please tell him for me that I will have him arrested if he does that trick again! I won't have my audience photographed, right under their own noses! It is too impudent, by Jove! Fairfax ought to know better!"

He was shaking with laughter now; and the girls were still staring, but Miss Allyn's eyes were beginning to smile a little.

"Oh, I do wish I knew what the joke is," she said, eagerly. "It's awfully mean of you not to tell. I am sure Henry has been doing something wonderfully clever."

"Well, there he comes, so you can ask him," said the manager, turning towards the stage door, where he could hear his doorkeeper having an argument with some one.

Miss Allyn was about to spring forward, when Marion laid a hand on her arm.

"Hush! Don't ask him a question! You might say the wrong thing, Alma!" she said, quickly. "Wait until he tells you about it himself—and he can't do that now, for he has some one with him!"

Mr. Temple took a sharp look as Alma Allyn nodded to Marion and then went forward to greet her lover.

"It's the same chap, as sure as shooting," he said, under his breath. "He's what Bert is pleased to call your new admirer, Miss Marlowe!"

CHAPTER VI.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

Marion stared in astonishment as Henry Fairfax grasped his sweetheart's hand and

then led her forward to introduce his companion.

He said something in a whisper to Miss Allyn, as he did so, and, in an instant, the surprised look left her face, and she greeted the stranger cordially.

As he took Marion's hand, Henry Fairfax whispered once more. This time the young girl caught the words distinctly.

"Please receive him pleasantly, for my sake, Miss Marlowe! I will explain as soon as I can, and I know you will forgive me."

Marion went forward at once, and was introduced to "Philip Dunlap."

As she looked into his face, she was surprised to find him both handsome and courteous.

"I am charmed, Miss Marlowe," were Dunlap's first words. "My friend Fairfax has done me a favor for which I can never thank him sufficiently."

"If the ladies do not object to anything so unconventional, I shall consider myself lucky," said Fairfax, laughing. "I took big chances in bringing you, Dunlap. My friends are not like some actresses. They are very careful in making acquaintances. The fact that you are my friend is your 'open sesame' to this fair circle."

"Then I am more grateful than ever for your friendship, Fairfax," was the mellow answer, and Phil Dunlap winked slyly at Miss Allyn's lover.

"Where is Mr. Temple?" asked Marion, turning her head. "He was here when you came in, and now he has vanished."

"The stage manager called him," said Miss Allyn, quickly; then she put her hand on the arm of her lover. Mr. Dunlap turned and offered Marion his arm. His eyes were bent admiringly upon her.

Miss Allyn and Mr. Fairfax were leading the way, so, after a moment's hesitation, Marion accepted the young man's arm, and they

passed through the scene-room and out of the stage door together.

"I have a charming plan in my head. I know you will like it, ladies," said Mr. Fairfax, as soon as they were on the sidewalk.

"There is a quiet restaurant three blocks away, where we can get a gorgeous broiled lobster. What do you say to a nice little supper together?"

"I am hungry, as usual, so I will not need any urging," spoke up Miss Allyn, with a meaning glance at Marion. "Do say you will go, dear! I am sure you will enjoy it! Just think of a broiled lobster, and a cup of nice black coffee!"

"I'll go, of course, Alma," said Marion, a little hesitatingly. She was beginning to wonder about the presence of Mr. Dunlap, and the real motive in Mr. Fairfax's actions. Mr. Dunlap added his entreaties. She blushed and her lids fell. His manner was so deferential that it thrilled her with pleasure.

They walked slowly along, Marion leaning lightly upon her escort's arm and listening to his voice, with her heart beating wildly. There was something about this young man that she could not understand. There was a magnetism in his presence that affected her strangely.

Every twitch of his hand sent the blood pulsing through her veins; and, as she met his ardent glance into her eyes, the blushes mounted to her forehead.

In a vague sort of way she began wondering if this was love. He was young, handsome and courteous; it was not impossible that she should love him.

She had heard oftentimes of "love at first sight," and of girls knowing in an instant when they had met their fate—when their ardent souls had come face to face with their affinity.

It was only with difficulty that she could

answer his questions. Her brain seemed running riot in the most unnatural manner. Miss Allyn partially restored her to her senses as they seated themselves at the table in a private dining-room in the restaurant. She turned to her suddenly and insisted upon her ordering.

"Oh, I can't! Really, I hardly know what I want!" cried poor Marion, nervously. "Do please order what you like and I will eat some of it, Alma!"

"Miss Marlowe and I are going to order the same," said Mr. Dunlap, quietly, after a tender glance at Marion; "now you and Mr. Fairfax please forget that we are on earth! We know you are just dying to whisper secrets to each other. Oh, if only Miss Marlowe and I were lovers!"

The words were said so eagerly that Marion hardly knew how to reply.

For some reason or other, she had no desire to resent them. "Do you imagine it is so blissful to love?" she asked, dreamily. "I cannot say myself—I have had no experience."

Miss Allyn and Mr. Fairfax had not waited for further permission, but were whispering in what to Marion seemed a most extraordinary hurry.

Mr. Dunlap smiled down into her face, as he answered her question. "It would be bliss unspeakable to love you, Miss Marlowe; but, like you, I have had no experience. I have never loved another."

The words were breathed rather than whispered, in her ear, and, for an instant, Marion seemed strangely tempted to believe them. It was only by a brave effort that she threw off the spell. It had come to her so suddenly that she was acting as if weak and silly.

"Oh, I am sure you must have made love before, you do it so beautifully," she murmured, archly. "Why, your voice is trained to making tender speeches, Mr. Dunlap!

Every single intonation speaks of constant practice."

"You wrong me, Miss Marlowe," said the young man, soberly; then he bent a little nearer and his eyes seemed reading her soul, as he continued passionately: "But it does not matter that I am a novice, Miss Marlowe. Such beauty as yours would turn a stutterer into an orator. It would inspire lofty sentiments in the most sordid soul! Plain thoughts and plain speech cannot live in your presence. To be near you, to see you, is to inhale purity and beauty!"

Never in her whole experience had the young girl listened to words like these, breathed in impassioned accents and with such ardent eyes looking down upon her.

Her whole frame quivered with a new emotion; but, once more, she tried bravely to conquer her feelings.

"You are an adept at flattery," she tried to say, coldly. "I doubt if any living being could murmur words more sweet; and, believe me, I appreciate that you are doing me homage."

"My words are feeble," began the young man, when, with a word of apology, Mr. Fairfax interrupted. "I have been telling Miss Allyn how I happened to meet you first, Dunlap," he said, quietly, "and now, with your permission, I want to tell Miss Marlowe."

For a second a startled look crossed Mr. Dunlap's face; then, after a keen glance at the speaker, he leaned back in his chair and nodded.

"Tell her, by all means," he said, indifferently, "although I presume the fact that we are friends is enough, old chap; still, you know best what will please Miss Marlowe!"

Mr. Fairfax bent forward a little and in doing so his finger touched an electric button.

"Just hurry that lobster a bit! I'm hun-

gry!" he said to the waiter; then he carelessly placed one hand on a chair behind him.

"I told Miss Allyn that the first time I ever saw you was in a theatre," he began, slowly. "You were sitting in a box and I sat down beside you—and, although we were strangers, I recognized you instantly!"

Even Mr. Dunlap himself looked surprised for an instant, but he recovered himself and laughed good-naturedly.

"You see I had seen your picture several times before," went on Fairfax, glibly; "both being New Yorkers, your face was not a strange one. In fact, I had gazed upon your likeness often; I might say, very often."

Philip Dunlap's laugh ended as suddenly as it had begun. He was sitting bolt upright in his chair, his face the color of ashes.

Marion noticed almost without realizing it that the waiter had returned, but already her lips had framed the question:

"Where, Mr. Fairfax—where had you seen it?"

The hand of the young detective slipped down to his hip pocket, and he half rose from his chair as he answered, distinctly:

"In the Rogues' Gallery, at Police Headquarters, Miss Marlowe! Our friend, Mr. Dunlap is a prince of sharpers!"

CHAPTER VII.

"LUCKY LARRY."

There was just an instant of silence, in which Marion stared at the two young men in positive terror; then her eyes wandered to the face of her friend, Miss Allyn.

Alma was actually smiling over the dreadful situation, with her eyes fixed admiringly on her clever lover.

Marion leaned back in her chair and composed herself instantly.

Philip Dunlap had made one movement and then sat perfectly still.

The hand which young Fairfax had put

behind him was now grasping the butt of a revolver, and the metal shone between his fingers.

Fairfax had not taken his eyes from his pseudo friend's face; and, as the waiter entered with two sturdy-looking men behind him, he spoke without removing his glance or altering his position.

"Gentlemen, let me introduce you to Lawrence Philip Dunlap, or 'Lucky Larry,' as the members of our guild have learned to call him. Just clap a pair of handcuffs on to him, please, when you take him away. Remember, he is a valuable prize, as well as a slippery fellow."

The two officers who had entered stepped up to Dunlap quietly; and, as one of them tapped the young man on the shoulder, Marion almost stopped breathing. "Better come quietly, young man, and not make any fuss," he said, sternly. "We'll treat you right if you don't attempt to kick over the traces."

There was a click of metal and Marion gave a little cry. She could not bear to see them handcuff the young fellow. "Oh, do you have to do that?" she asked, with a gasp. "It seems cruel to handcuff him! I am sure he will go quietly!"

Philip Dunlap's face was still the color of ashes, but he turned from the detectives with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and his smile was as sweet as ever as his eyes rested on the young girl.

"Thank you for your sympathy, Miss Marlowe," he said, softly. "Perhaps if I had known you when I was younger I would never have earned the sobriquet of 'Lucky Larry,' but it is all in a lifetime, and I have no regrets. Pray allow me to say good-night, my dear Miss Marlowe."

"You might add 'good by,'" suggested Fairfax, smilingly. "You are not likely to see each other again for some time, you know, friend Dunlap!"

The sarcasm of the last two words was not lost upon the sharper. He wheeled around and retorted quickly:

"Oh, we may meet sooner than you anticipate, friend Fairfax. You know, you said yourself that I was a slippery fellow."

"Oh, I do hope you will reform!" exclaimed Marion, impulsively. "You are so young and so—so handsome. Oh, it is a dreadful pity that you are wicked!"

The words were said so simply that Dunlap burst out laughing.

"I'm afraid it's too late," he said, with a merry light in his eyes; then, without extending his hand, he merely said: "Good-night, Miss Marlowe."

"Will you come quietly, or shall we use these?" asked the detective again, snapping the handcuffs.

Dunlap did not answer; he was looking at the young detective, who still sat with his hand on the butt of his revolver.

"Really, Fairfax, you must allow me to congratulate you upon your luck," he said, pleasantly. "It is the first time in his career that 'Lucky Larry' ever ran his own head into a noose. The moral is—steer clear of pretty women. If I had not become infatuated with Miss Marlowe's beauty, I should not have been wasting time around that theatre; but there's no use repining; you have won this hand—the next trick will be mine, and don't you forget it."

There was a ring of determination in the last few words, and the dark, pensive eyes that had just been glowing with admiration had become so cold and steely that Marion shuddered as she watched them. The next moment the young man had turned to the detectives. "Take me any way you please; it doesn't matter to me," he said, indifferently; "only please remember, gentlemen, that I can always pay for a carriage."

"Put the 'nippers' on and take no chances,"

said Fairfax, a little sternly. "I have come all the way from New York for this fellow, officers; for heaven's sake, don't let him escape me now!"

"We'll land him all right," said one of the men, gruffly, and the next moment "Lucky Larry's" hands were securely locked together.

The whole thing had been done so quietly that, for a moment after they had gone, Marion and Miss Allyn stared at each other. It did not seem possible to either that such a tragedy had been enacted.

Fairfax was distributing broiled lobster and Chili sauce, as calmly as though nothing had occurred, long before the two girls were ready to even think of supper.

"Oughtn't you to go with them, Henry?" asked Miss Allyn, after a minute. "Oh, it would be dreadful if he should get away from them! Your life wouldn't be safe another minute!"

Mr. Fairfax laughed as he pushed back the platter.

"If revengeful criminals were to be feared, I'd be saying my prayers all the time, darling," he said, merrily. "Why, no less than a dozen have sworn to shoot me at sight; still here I am, as hale and hearty as ever."

"But this one had such a baneful glitter in his eyes," murmured Marion, anxiously.

Miss Allyn laughed as she retorted, slyly:

"Why, I thought his eyes were beautiful, Marion! I am sure I saw love and adoration in their depths whenever they looked in your direction."

"I don't blame you a bit for making fun of me," said Marion, blushing. "I thought so, too, until I learned who he was. Why, he made love so beautifully that I almost believed him!"

The young detective's face grew sober in a minute.

"It wasn't very nice of me to bring you two

girls into it," was the answer, "but when he made it so easy it was a great temptation.

"Heaven help the woman who puts her faith in Philip Dunlap!" he added, solemnly. "Why, if report is to be trusted, he has wrecked several lives already. He is what we men call 'a fiend among women.'"

"What does that term mean?" asked Marion, innocently. "Of course, I have a vague idea, but I wish to know literally."

Henry Fairfax looked at his sweetheart in a beseeching manner, so Miss Allyn tried gravely to answer the question.

"It means, Marion, that few women can resist the fellow. He has a sort of power over them that makes them his willing slaves, and that he never stops until he has dishonored them."

Marion shuddered with horror at the hideous words; then a blush of shame crept over her beautiful features.

She, too, had felt that insidious charm. She had thought him handsome, chivalrous, even honest. Thank heaven, she had been spared any further test of his magic! She almost doubted her ability to withstand the fellow.

"Now what shall you do next?" asked Miss Allyn, as they were leaving the restaurant.

Mr. Fairfax consulted his watch before he answered.

"I shall leave you two ladies at the hotel," he said, finally. "Then I must try to bag my other bird before morning. This one walked into my net so easily that I can hardly realize that I've got him. The other will not be caught so readily, I fancy."

"I can't get over his asking you if you knew Marion and to introduce him to her," laughed Miss Allyn again. "I can just see the alacrity with which you responded!"

"And to think the fellow actually thought I was doing him a favor," responded the detective. "I introduced him as my friend at

his own request. Oh, if he ever gets out, my days will be numbered!"

He was shaking with laughter, but Miss Allyn looked very sober.

"I'd like to stop at the station-house on our way and see that his cell is locked very tight," she said, softly. "Somehow, I tremble for you, Henry! Oh, I'll be so thankful when you are out of this awful business!"

They drew up before the hotel and were astonished to find Mr. Temple on the steps. As soon as they had joined him, Miss Allyn related what had happened.

"Well, now, my friend, I wish you would solve a mystery for me," said the manager, to Mr. Fairfax, as soon as the story was finished.

"I wish you would tell me what has become of Bert and the doctor. I haven't seen either of them since they left the theatre."

"Oh, they are having a broiled lobster with some other young ladies, perhaps," suggested Miss Allyn, promptly. "Don't keep too close 'tab' on the young folks, Mr. Temple."

"You know better than that, Alma," spoke up Marion, quickly. "Neither Bert nor the doctor are in the habit of doing that. If they are not in bed, then something is the matter."

"They are not in their rooms," said Mr. Temple, shaking his head, "but don't let that disturb you in the least, young ladies. They shall both give an account of themselves the first thing in the morning."

The two girls said good-night and hurried to their rooms. They were eager to talk over the astonishing event of the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EXPLANATION.

Neither Marion nor her friend slept very well that night, and both came to the breakfast-table looking a little anxious. Miss Ellis and Mr. Burnside, two other members of the company, were at the table, as well as little

Ruby, the child actress, who sat in a high-chair by her mother.

"Have Bert and the doctor materialized yet?" were Miss Allyn's first words. "Mr. Temple told us at midnight that they were among the missing."

As she asked the question, Mr. Temple came in. His face was grave and decidedly anxious.

"Not a sign of the truants, Miss Allyn," he said, soberly. "I can't understand where they could have gone. There's no place in this city that they would be likely to visit!"

"They don't drink or play poker, and there's nothing else," said Mrs. Burnside, thoughtfully.

"Well, they'll have to come back before eleven. They would never dream of cutting the rehearsal."

"It is nine-thirty now," said Marion, glancing up at the dining-room clock, "and you are sure they have not been in their beds all night, Mr. Temple?"

"Quite sure. I've been to their rooms a dozen times since midnight," was the answer. "Hinton, the calcium man, says that the doctor got a letter just after the third act last night. That may or may not have some bearing on the matter."

"Well, I'm glad Bert is with him," said Marion, thankfully. "There can't anything happen to them both, I am sure. They are sufficiently wide-awake to take care of themselves under any ordinary conditions, and if something unusual has happened they will take care of each other."

There was a little cry from Alma Allyn and every one turned suddenly. Henry Fairfax had just entered the dining-room and was coming toward their table.

To the casual observer, Fairfax looked perfectly calm and smiling, but Alma Allyn's loving glance had detected something else;

she discovered that her lover was laboring under considerable excitement.

After greeting them all pleasantly, Fairfax handed Mr. Temple a bit of paper. It was scribbled all over in pencil and seemed to be the first draft of a letter.

"That was found in Philip Dunlap's pocket, when he was searched at the station-house last night," he said, briefly, "and I have come to see if Dr. Brookes is on hand this morning."

Mr. Temple read the scrawl carefully, growing more disturbed every minute. When he finished he looked first at Mr. Fairfax and then at Marion.

"Oh, what is it?" cried the young girl, half rising from the table. "Please don't keep us in suspense another minute, Mr. Temple!"

"Shall I tell her?" inquired Mr. Temple, turning to Fairfax.

"I think so," was the detective's deliberate answer. "It is only a hoax, so one part of it need not distress her—the part that refers to her father, Joshua Marlowe."

Marion rose to her feet with a little cry, but Mr. Temple put his hand on her shoulder soothingly as Fairfax made a rapid explanation.

"Here it is in a nut-shell; as I understand it," he said. "This fellow Dunlap has his eye on Dr. Brookes. He knows he is rich and that he carries a good deal of money with him. He comes to the theatre and does a lot of pumping, incidentally learning something of Miss Marlowe's farmer father. Then he goes to work and concocts this letter to Dr. Brookes." Here he took the letter from Mr. Temple and handed it to Marion. "Of course, he has discovered that the doctor is in love with Miss Marlowe, so he makes a shrewd guess that he will investigate the letter, which will take him into the section of the city where 'sand-bags' and 'black-jacks' are most successfully operated. The only

thing he did not count on was the presence of Bert Jackson. It was a mighty good thing that the doctor thought to take him."

"Then the doctor and Bert are both in danger!" cried Marion. "Oh, we must do something at once! We must try and find them!"

"I have done all I could," said Fairfax, quickly. "The police have known all this since five o'clock this morning. They are by this time inspecting every corner of the place called 'Gerrys.'"

"But I can't sit here idly and wait!" said Marion, again. "Oh, I must do something! What shall it be, Alma? Can't we make up a party and go to 'Gerry's?'"

"I move that we do," said Mr. Temple, promptly. "As Marion says, this suspense is awful. There'll be no harm in our visiting that part of the city, particularly as the police will be there in force to-day and will be on hand to protect us in case of trouble."

"Oh, there won't be any trouble! The residents of that section are as quiet as lambs in the daytime. It is only at night that they get rambuncions," said the young detective. "I understand, in fact, that it is only a railroad section. This place, Pike street, is an alley of railroad sheds."

"An excellent place for dark deeds," muttered Mr. Temple, "but it shall be as you say. Shall we go to Gerry's, Fairfax?"

Before her lover could answer, Alma Allyn laid her hand on his arm.

"Of course we can go, dear! It can't do any harm. I'll go crazy myself if I have to sit quietly and worry!"

"That settles it; we go," said the young man, smiling, "but I would advise that the party does not number more than four. You and Miss Marlowe, Mr. Temple and Olcott."

Orrin Olcott, the "villain" of the company, had entered as he spoke, and he promptly nodded that he was willing.

"But you, Henry?" began Miss Allyn, with a nervous tinge in her voice.

Mr. Fairfax took her hand and smiled at her tenderly.

"I shall be there, dearest, but I must go alone; and, further, I must warn you all not to speak to me if you see me. I shall be on duty, and you might 'queer me' if you recognized me."

"Oh, we'll 'never speak as we pass by,'" said Miss Allyn, more cheerfully, "but take care of yourself, Henry, and don't run into danger. The mention of 'black-jacks' and 'sand-bags' has made me uneasy."

"I'll take care," said Mr. Fairfax, and then he added, more seriously, "I only hope that my other bird has not flown. I hope some one has winged him in the vicinity of 'Gerry's.'"

"Who could do it?" asked Marion, in some surprise.

"Bert Jackson," was the detective's unexpected answer. "I have staked my last hope on your able comedian. If he hasn't caught Holbrook, then I have lost the fellow."

"I will be ready in ten minutes," said Marion, rising from the table.

"So will I," was Miss Allyn's determined statement.

"I only hope it is not too late," said Mrs. Burnside, dubiously. "Still it does not seem possible to me that anything could happen. I shall stay right here to welcome Bert and the doctor; and, if they come first, I shall send them straight to 'Gerry's.'"

"That was a clever letter," said Fairfax, looking at Mr. Temple. "It is wonderful how shrewd those rascals are. The thing that surprises me is Dunlap's weakness. I wouldn't have believed he would have taken such chances."

"Any man, good or bad, would take chances for Miss Marlowe," remarked the manager, as his glance followed the young

girl's figure. "Well, I'm glad they've got him safely under lock and key. It's a feather in your cap, at any rate, Fairfax!"

"Not as big a one as I would like," said the ambitious young fellow. "If I could catch that rascal, Holbrook, I'd be almost happy."

"Come on, you two," called out Miss Allyn, softly, appearing at that moment with her wraps on. "We are all ready and waiting. Do we take a carriage or a street-car to go to 'Gerry's'?"

CHAPTER IX.

"GERRY'S."

"Well, of all the dingy, dirty places that I ever saw! Do be careful, Marion! Those tracks are so slippery! Why, if one of those engines should ever toot, I'd collapse completely!"

Alma Allyn was picking her way over the net-work of tracks in one of the dirtiest, darkest portions of the city.

The party had been forced to leave the carriage several blocks away and were trying to make their way to "Gerry's."

Railroad hands, their faces black with soft coal-dust, were all about and there seemed to be dozens upon dozens of cars of all descriptions with puffing, snorting engines bobbing in all directions.

Mr. Temple and Marion were ahead and had almost cleared the tracks, when Miss Allyn suddenly gave a shout of victory.

"There it is! There's 'Gerry's'! Great Scott, what a place! Why it's a combination hotel and tool-shed with a rum-shop attachment!"

"Be careful," warned Olcott. "Don't speak so loud, Miss Allyn! One of these men may be Gerry himself!"

"I guess you are right," said Miss Allyn, promptly, lowering her voice; then she picked

her way through the black mud that served as the only sidewalk.

"Hello! Is that a policeman?" asked Olcott, softly, as he and his companion finally reached Mr. Temple and Marion. "If it is, he's a sleepy looking sentinel, all right, but perhaps it pays him to see as little as possible."

"He may be faking," whispered Miss Allyn. "Do speak to him, Mr. Temple, and ask him if that is the one and only 'Gerry's.'"

Mr. Temple left them at once and strode over to the officer.

He came back with a look upon his face that baffled description.

"What did he say?" asked Miss Allyn, quickly; "did he explain why he went to sleep and nodded at his post, and did he apologize for wearing a uniform that would be a disgrace to a coal-heaver?"

"No, he didn't favor me with so much of his valuable conversation as all that," said Mr. Temple, chuckling. "I asked him the question that you suggested, Miss Allyn, and he—well he referred me to a hot place that is mentioned in the Bible; and, thinking discretion the better part of valor, I thanked him, and in the language of nations 'considered the incident closed,' for the present."

Alma Allyn looked back at the officer of the law as Mr. Temple finished speaking; the next moment her eyes were sparkling and she had hard work to keep from exclaiming.

"Didn't you suspect at first?" whispered Marion, in her ear. "I was almost sure it was he the minute I saw him. Don't look again, Alma! I am sure he wouldn't like it."

"There are two or three more of them up the tracks," observed Mr. Temple, who had suddenly understood her. "Fairfax is right—the police are watching. Now, the thing is—have they investigated the interior of 'Gerry's'?"

They had arrived at the low, dingy door of the rum-shop as he spoke, and were just peering inside when a burly form appeared which completely filled the doorway.

A hideous, red-faced, blear-eyed man was standing with arms akimbo, fairly glaring at the party in the most ferocious manner.

But, notwithstanding the ugly expression upon the brute's face, Mr. Temple stepped up to him and even raised his hat as he accosted the fellow.

"Do you mind my party stepping inside for a minute? We are doing the town and are lost, I fancy. If you will be so kind as to harbor them for a short time, I will try and get a carriage."

The man eyed them narrowly and then stepped a little aside. In an instant Marion slipped past the burly form and entered the dingy bar-room.

"Can't get no kerridge ter come inter these hyar diggin's," said the fellow, sourly. "Yer'll hev ter get out as yer come. Shank's mare'll take yer!"

"But we can rest a moment, can't we?" asked Miss Allyn, as she too stepped boldly over the sill into the vile-smelling place.

"Is there a telephone or anything of the sort near here?" asked Mr. Temple, pausing just outside of the door; "if there is, I will call a carriage, if not——"

"I tells yer thar ain't no kerridge what'll come down hyar," grunted the man, again. "Ef yer wants ter get out er Pike street yer'll hev ter hoof it."

Marion was half way across the dirty floor, looking eagerly about her, before the man in the door thought to look behind him.

It was a low-ceilinged place, fairly reeking with vile odors, and in one corner, there was a low bar, behind which was a scant supply of black bottles.

"Oh, Alma! What a place to entice a man to!" she whispered, and then turned to catch the fellow scowling at her.

"See hyar, now! Wat's wanted down hyar, anyhow?" began the man, angrily. "Ef yer are jest snooping erroun', I tells yer I won't hev it! Thar's bin ernough spyin' erroun' ther place this mornin'! Better make known yer biz or get out quick, young led-dys!"

Marion was considerably alarmed, but she tried not to show it. As she turned toward the ruffian, she noticed that neither Mr. Temple nor Olcott had entered, but another man, almost as brutal and burly as the first one, was effectually blocking the entrance to the smoke-begrimed hovel.

"Are you Mr. Gerry?" she asked, as sweetly as possible. "If you are, I am sure we have come to the right place, but can't the gentlemen come in and rest a minute?"

She looked the fellow squarely in the eyes as she asked her question; then, as she watched for his answer, something happened that startled her. She heard distinctly the sound of a groan coming from behind and under the bar in the corner.

In an instant every drop of blood in her body was on fire, for her thoughts had flown to the doctor and her friend, Bert Jackson.

"Oh, Alma! Call them, quick! They must come in!" she cried, excitedly; the next moment she felt Gerry's heavy hand descending on her shoulder.

"Stop! Don't you dare to touch me, you brute!" she cried, commandingly; "stand aside, while I see who is behind that bar! Some one is dead or dying there in that corner!"

The man muttered a curse and sprang at her, savagely; but like a flash of lightning Marion broke from his grasp and darted across the room.

Then, with a graceful bound, she sprang upon the bar and down upon the other side before he could even touch her.

The next second Marion's voice rang out like a bugle-call.

"Oh, Alma! It is Bert! He has been terribly injured! Quick! Shriek as loud as you can and don't let any one stop you! We must have help at once. We are in a den of murderers!"

Alma Allyn sprang to the door and gave a cry for help.

The next instant a heavy hand was over her mouth. Gerry's barkeeper was stifling her—and the door was closed and barred against invaders.

CHAPTER X.

A THEORY.

But Alma Allyn's piercing scream had been heard distinctly; and in less than a minute, three powerful shoulders were against the door, while officers, uniformed and in plain clothing, seemed fairly to rise up from the earth that surrounded the low building.

Henry Fairfax, still dressed in his somewhat extraordinary official costume, was the first man to almost pitch headlong into the hovel; and, as he saw his sweetheart in the burly bartender's grasp, he threw prudence to the winds and aimed a blow at the fellow.

The other officers swarmed about Gerry, who held them at bay for a few minutes with an ugly-looking knife and then yielded up his weapon at the point of a pistol.

Mr. Temple worked his way between the blue-coats until he reached the bar; then he, too, sprang over and knelt beside Marion.

"He is alive, thank God!" said the young girl, in a whisper.

"Oh, if there was only a doctor here! We must send for one, Mr. Temple."

"He's been thumped on the head with something. Poor Bert!" said Mr. Temple, as he noticed how the young man was groaning. "No doubt he's been lying here unconscious for hours. I wonder how it was that the police did not find him."

"He was rolled up in that old carpet," said

Marion, almost screaming in his ear, because of the noise in the bar-room. "If he hadn't groaned I should never have dreamed of his being here! Do hurry and get him out, the poor, dear fellow!"

She helped the manager drag Bert out and raise him tenderly to the bar, then began hastily to inspect the contents of the black bottles.

Both Gerry and his bartender had been disarmed and surrounded now, and Miss Allyn was leaning on her lover's shoulder.

"That stuff will kill him! Don't give him any of that, Marion!" she cried out, sharply. "Wait—I'll get one of those men outside to get some decent liquor. There's a big crowd of them at the door and one of them, at least, must be honest!"

She darted to the entrance, which was now half filled with railroad hands, but before she could speak, one of the officers handed her a pocket-flask.

"That'll revive him, miss, and the patrol-wagon is just around the corner. As soon as we get these two lubbers aboard we'll come back for him. There ain't no hurry: he'll be no better off. When a man has been sand-bagged he don't get over it in a hurry."

"If he ever does," chimed in another policeman; and then the cordon started off, dragging their sullen prisoners with them.

"Is there no one to protect us?" whispered Miss Allyn to Fairfax; "those men outside look mighty unpleasant."

"It's the dirt on their faces. They're all right," was the answer. "There's not a man among them who does not despise Gerry. They are civil to him because they all owe him for whisky."

The four gathered around Bert now while Fairfax stood guard in the doorway, where he took pains to explain to the men what was happening.

"Do any of you know anything of this

affair?" he asked, suddenly. "Do you know when Gerry's agents sand-bagged this young man or what they did with the other fellow?"

Several of the men shook their heads and went about their business: they had only a passing curiosity as to what had befallen Gerry, but there were two black-looking fellows who nodded knowingly.

"Faith, ther other chap's down funder in ther sheds," said one of them. "I heard him yellin' loike mad at daylight this mornin'. Gerry made a rich haul this toime, ther murderous owld baste! Sure, it's mesilf that is glad ter see him enjoyin' his reck'nin'!"

"That other chap must be the doctor," said Fairfax, as two of the officers came back. "We'll have to search those sheds from one end to the other, men. I'll tear them down to the ground, but I'll see what's under them!"

"Faith, there do be sacrets under thim same shids," remarked the Irish laborer, again. "It's Gerry, bad cess to him, as has used thim self-same shids to hoide the avil dades that he's done wid—ther devil!"

"Well, we'll learn a few of them and don't you forget it," said Fairfax, sternly, as he stepped out on the sidewalk to let the two officers pass, carrying Bert between them.

"A brute like Gerry is not fit to be at large. I can't imagine what this city has been thinking about to allow him his liberty."

"Can't we get a carriage for Bert?" asked Marion, tearfully, as she followed the officers with their burden.

"I am afraid not, miss; and, anyway, the wagon will be better. He can lie straight out with a coat for a pillow. There'll be an ambulance at the station-house to take him to the hospital."

"Poor Bert!" whispered Marion, trying hard to keep from crying. "To think of his lying in that hideous place! Oh, we must hurry now and find Dr. Brookes!"

"We had better tell the officers to telegraph to his father," said Mr. Temple. "He is seriously injured and his parents ought to be with him. Do you know his father's address, Fairfax?"

"No; and I judge, anyway, that we had better wait until we hear what the physician at the hospital has to say. He may pull through

all right, and now we must wait for more help," he continued, when he happened to spy a half-dozen new recruits coming along.

Then began a search through the dingy sheds, several of the railroad men leaving their work to take part in it.

One shed led to another throughout the entire row, and each seemed more full of rubbish and darker than the last.

The men looked behind piles of timbers and railroad iron and peered into every cranny, but there was no sign of Dr. Brookes. As they were giving up the search, Marion suddenly tripped on something. She had been stumbling along in the semi-darkness trying to keep up with the others, as well as using her sharp eyes to pierce each nook and corner.

"Oh, wait, Mr. Fairfax!" she called out, shrilly; "I have stepped on something that feels like a weapon!"

Mr. Fairfax went back, and so did one of the officers.

As they reached her, Marion raised the thing from the ground. It was black and shaped like a gourd, and very heavy.

"A blackjack!" cried Mr. Fairfax, the minute he saw it. "Ten to one it was used on poor Bert last night. A pretty weapon indeed for a civilized community!"

"Whoever wielded that weapon must have gone this way," said one of the officers: "but this is the end of the sheds—there's nothing but tracks out here, and they go in every direction."

"Railroad tracks?" gasped Marion, with a sudden thrill of horror.

"Yes, and footprints," said the officer, looking back over his shoulder. "There are footprints all over the mud, leading straight for the sheds. Well, all I've got to say is, it is a mighty dangerous spot to cross! I wouldn't take a thousand dollars to cross that network at midnight."

"That's the doctor's footprint; I'd know it anywhere!" cried Mr. Temple, leaning suddenly closer. "He wears a broad toed shoe with a military heel, and steps as squarely as any drum major."

"And that print is my bird's!" cried Mr. Fairfax, bending to scrutinize another. "I have his measure in my pocket, and this is

just like it. But, hurrah! one wing is clipped!" he called out, suddenly. "Just look at this, Temple! The fellow was limping! He's hopped on his right foot to save the other!"

The men all stooped down and examined the footprints, while, not twenty feet away, engines were puffing and snorting.

"You are right, young man!" said one of the oldest officers.

"Now, my theory is that the sharper was pursued by the doctor, and he led him here! There isn't a doubt in my mind that he hoped he would be run over!"

Marion stifled a cry of horror as she listened, and Miss Allyn moved closer and put one arm around her.

"Don't lose heart, dear; that is only a theory," she said, brightly. "Perhaps we had better go to the hospital and stay with Bert. Henry will let us know when they have found the doctor."

"Yes, please do!" urged Mr. Fairfax, turning quickly toward them. "I will take you out of this and put you in a carriage. It is better that you should be out of this neighborhood!"

There was an anxiety in his face which he strove hard to conceal, and, without a word, the two girls allowed him to lead them a few blocks to a drug store, from which he could call a carriage.

As soon as they were alone Marion burst out crying. Her friend comforted her silently, for she knew of what she was thinking—that it was possible Dr. Brookes might have been crushed to death at midnight under one of those engines.

Marion would have found it hard at that instant to analyze her feelings for Dr. Brookes. That he had met with a very serious misfortune could hardly be doubted, and the chances were that she would never see him alive again. It was this thought that let down the floodgates of her tears again, and she wept as if her heart would break.

If Miss Allyn had doubted before that Marion loved Dr. Brookes, that doubt was swept away by this uncontrollable expression of grief.

What was her surprise, then, to hear Marion exclaim, brokenly:

"Oh, Alma! He loved me! He loved me!"

"Yes, dear!" whispered Alma, encouragingly; "but don't cry, Marion. I'm sure he'll come back."

"Oh, how happy he would have been if I had loved him," went on Marion, not noticing her companion's remark. "Why did I ever let him come?"

Marion seemed to think that in some way she was responsible for Dr. Brookes' misfortune.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

When the two girls reached the hospital they found that Bert had been taken to a private room, and that his injuries were so severe that no one was allowed to see him.

They were given leave to look over the building; and, as Marion had once been a hospital nurse, she could not help feeling interested in the familiar surroundings.

As they wandered at will through the wards she spoke to several of the patients, and even the nurses smiled as they saw her beautiful face, for they could tell at a glance that she also was suffering.

As they were passing the surgical ward, Alma Allyn glanced in.

They had neither of them intended entering.

At that moment a man on the first cot turned his white face toward them, and Miss Allyn suddenly gripped her companion's shoulder.

"Quick, Marion! Look! Oh, I believe that is the man," she whispered, sharply. "It is exactly like the man Henry told us about!"

"Are you sure?" asked Marion, almost holding her breath.

"Sure!" repeated Miss Allyn, after another glance.

"I'll find out what ails him," said Marion, desperately. "If he is hurt in the left leg, I shall be suspicious."

She walked straight into the ward and was approaching the cot, when an orderly intercepted her with a courteous gesture.

"No visitors allowed, miss," he said, polite-

ly. "This is the surgical ward, and they are most of them fresh cases. Unless you have a friend here——"

Marion interrupted him by pointing to the cot upon which the man lay still groaning softly.

"He looks like some one that I am interested in," she began, and then waited a minute, trying to think how to continue. The orderly looked over his shoulder and then scowled a little.

"I guess you are mistaken, miss; you can't know him! He is only a tramp who was picked up on the railroad tracks at two o'clock this morning. Some one had shot him in the leg. It's a wonder he wasn't run over."

The two girls looked at each other, and then thanked him politely. As soon as they reached the corridor they sat down on one of the benches.

"We must notify the authorities at once," were Miss Allyn's first words. "The fellow should be put under arrest even while he is in the hospital. Oh, ain't I glad that we have caught my boy's bird for him!"

"I hope we are right," was Marion's answer; then they both started for the office to tell their story.

When Henry Fairfax joined them a half hour later he was completely astounded by what his sweetheart had to tell him. He was at once allowed to enter the ward and identify the patient, who was no one more nor less than Denison Holbrook, the "sharper."

"Little did I dream that you would ever be my assistant, Alma," Fairfax said, gayly, as he pinched his sweetheart's arm; "but in this case I can well say your services are invaluable."

"Nevertheless, it is an awful business, and I shall be glad when you are out of it," retorted Miss Allyn.

"Your man shall be watched closely, sir," said the house surgeon, coming back into the office at that minute. "Of course, if you wish you can put him under arrest. That will relieve us of all the responsibility in the matter."

"I'll send a man from headquarters to stay with him," was the reply; "and as soon as he is able to leave his bed, we'll see that a place is prepared for him in one of our numerous

State prisons, for the fellow is wanted in very near all of them."

"Then we'll be glad to be rid of him," said the surgeon, laughing. "He's a perfect baby, anyway, with all his grunting and groaning."

"If we could only force him to tell what became of the doctor," sighed Marion, glancing at the surgeon, eagerly.

Mr. Fairfax had already told the story, so the gentleman understood; but he was obliged to shake his head at the young girl's suggestion.

"I'd ask him in a minute, if I dared," he said, candidly; "but he is feverish and excited, and it wouldn't do. Just as soon as he can stand it, your detective can question him."

"Then we may as well go back to the hotel," said Marion, sadly.

"It is barely possible that the doctor may have returned. Yes, we had better go back at once, Mr. Fairfax."

"And I will continue my search for him as soon as I have wired to the New York office," said Fairfax. "My duty was simply to catch these fellows. They must arrange an escort if they wish them extradited."

"Which means that your work is over for the present, doesn't it, dear?" cried Alma, clapping her hands. "Then I will expect you to devote yourself to me for the rest of your stay here."

"For the rest of my life, Alma, darling," said her lover; "so, as soon as we meet again, you must answer me one question. I wish to know the earliest date upon which you will be married."

"Oh, Alma! How delightful!" cried Marion, gayly. "Oh, I do hope it will be soon, for I want to see you both happy! You have been lovers so long, why you really owe it to your friends to go along and get married!"

"She is tired of hearing us 'spoon,' and I don't blame her," cried Miss Allyn, laughing; "but I will not promise for sure to answer your question."

"Then I'll not promise to come back!" said her lover, in mock firmness. "I'll just take a stroll about town and then go back to New York. No, indeed, Miss Allyn! I won't be put off any longer!"

Alma's face was growing charmingly rosy

now, but as they waited on the hospital steps for the carriage, she touched his arm tenderly.

"I will answer, dear—honor bright, I will! Come to the hotel at two o'clock and have luncheon with me, and I will tell you then what day we will be married."

"Good-by, my darling, until two o'clock, then," whispered Fairfax, tenderly; then the carriage rolled up and the two girls entered it.

"The noblest, best fellow in the world," murmured Alma, as she looked back at him.

Marion did not answer; her heart was very heavy. Even her dearest friend's happiness did not aid in lightening it.

"Oh, Marion! I am so selfish!" cried Miss Allyn, instantly. "It is wicked in me to be happy when you are so distressed. Poor Bert! Heaven grant that he may recover soon; and as for the doctor, why, he must be found. He is so good, so noble, the world cannot do without him!"

"It doesn't seem to me that I could!" murmured Marion, slowly. "He has been so good and kind to me! Oh, Alma, why is it, do you suppose? He is the dearest man on earth, and yet I have no such feeling for him as you have for Mr. Fairfax."

"I am sure I don't understand it a little bit," said Miss Allyn, shaking her head. "It is a mystery to me how you feel toward Dr. Brookes. I know if I was in your place I would positively adore him!"

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

At exactly two o'clock the members of the Temple Theatrical Company sat down to luncheon in the hotel dining-room, where they were joined by Mr. Fairfax, who came in smiling brightly.

"Good news from Jackson! He is perfectly conscious, and the physicians say he will soon recover!" he cried, as he held out a hand to both Miss Allyn and Marion.

The ladies clapped their hands, for they were delighted with the news. Their youthful comedian was a great favorite with the company.

Miss Ellis was so overjoyed that the tears sprang to her eyes, and Marion, understand-

ing the young girl's feelings for Bert, gave her hand a little squeeze under the table.

"And is there no news of Dr. Brookes?" asked Miss Allyn, quickly.

The young detective shook his head.

"The police are doing their best, but they can't find out a thing," he said, soberly. "Not a soul can be found who was in the neighborhood of Gerry's when the thing must have happened, but Bert will soon be able to give us a clew. They say he is anxious to talk, but the doctors won't let him."

There was a little commotion at the door and every one turned.

Even the waiters, who had heard the story, stared as though they were seeing an apparition.

"*It is Dr. Brookes himself!*" cried Mr. Temple, springing from his chair.

In an instant the entire company had surrounded him, and his arm was nearly shaken off in the violence of their greetings.

"I am happy, now that I know that poor Bert is all right," said the doctor, smiling. "But don't look at me, please, for I am a sorry sight; been riding on a freight train since twelve-thirty this morning."

"Tell us all about it, just as quick as you can," cried Marion, who was still holding his hand tightly, while her cheeks were as hot as fire. "Oh, we have had such an anxious day! We felt sure you had been run over."

The tears were trembling on her lashes now; and the joy of seeing that she wept over his safety so overcame the young physician that he could hardly speak for a minute.

Mr. Temple offered him his chair, while the waiter got another, and as soon as they were all seated, the doctor told his story briefly.

"I received a letter from a fellow calling himself Philip Dunlap," he began, looking straight at Marion.

"We know that part," broke in Mr. Temple. "Dunlap is a 'bunco-steerer,' and used Marion's father's name as a decoy. Fairfax here has caught him and landed him in jail. What we want to know is, what happened when you and Bert got to Gerry's?"

"Well, in the first place, we did not get there," resumed the doctor, quietly. "We

were half a block from the place when Bert suddenly darted forward. I had no idea at the time what made him do it, but I think now that he caught sight of a fellow skulking behind the sheds, and the next I knew the fellow had slugged him. I saw Bert fall and then I started for the ruffian. As it happened, I had taken the precaution to have my revolver with me and the click of the weapon scared him, I fancy. Anyway, he darted through the sheds with me on his heels. It was the darkest, dirtiest place I was ever in, and at nearly every step I ran into some obstacle or other. The result was that I was badly used up before I had been running any time at all, and when I suddenly saw the lights of the railroad tracks right in front of me, and realized that the fellow was getting away from me between the freight cars and engines, I didn't do a thing but pull the trigger, and I winged him, too; they've got him in the hospital."

"We found him there, and Alma identified him!" broke in Marion, excitedly. "But do go on with your story. How did you miss being run over?"

"By jumping on a freight train that was about to jump on me!" laughed the doctor, promptly; "and, do you know, they wouldn't stop to let me off until they had carried me twenty miles from the city?"

"So the mystery is explained, and the fellow didn't get a thing!" cried Mr. Temple, gayly.

"Oh, yes he did! He got a bullet in his leg!" cried Miss Ellis, merrily.

"Yes, and he got arrested," added Miss Allyn, with a glance at her lover. "And just think, doctor, he is one of the biggest rascals on earth. Why, Henry was sent way out here to try and catch him! They want him in New York at police headquarters."

"But they won't get him, it seems," said her sweetheart: "for the authorities here have the first claim on the fellow. They have been trying to find him for nearly a year, and I am not disposed to let him go, now that he is in their clutches."

"Thanks to the doctor's bullet," said Marion, beaming at him. "Oh, I am so glad that you did not kill the fellow! Perhaps he'll mend his way while his leg is mending."

"Not much hope of that! He's a bad egg," said Mr. Fairfax, with a little frown. "He's the worst rascal I ever caught, and I've lagged some pretty big ones."

"Oh, do let this be the last, Henry!" pleaded Miss Allyn, turning toward him, eagerly. "Do promise me right here that you will give up this awful business! Why, your life isn't safe a single minute!"

"I'll promise on one condition," said Fairfax. "I'll quit the business if you will promise to marry me at Easter! Will you do it, Alma? Remember, this is in the presence of witnesses!"

Miss Allyn's cheeks flushed rosily, but her glance did not waver, although every one at the table was looking straight at her.

"That is a bargain, Henry!" she said, with a little waver in her voice; "and I extend an invitation to you all to be present at the wedding."

"Oh, we will all be there—that is, if it is possible!" cried Marion, happily. "And, oh, Alma, I must come and kiss you this minute! I know Mr. Fairfax is dying to, and I pity him dreadfully, but you can go away by yourselves just as soon as luncheon is over——"

"And I shall go and tell Bert the news," said Mr. Temple, decidedly. "Furthermore, I must tell Deering to call a short rehearsal. I shall have to let Denny, the 'supe,' do the comedian's part this evening!"

"Tell Bert we are longing for him to come back to us," said Marion, eagerly; "and we'll all come and see him as soon as the physicians are willing."

"And tell him that I didn't lose so much as my revolver," added Dr. Brookes; "and my only regret is that he should have gotten that lamp. My head is tougher than his; I might have stood it better."

"Bert will prefer it as it is!" said Marion, quietly. "But, oh, how thankful I am that it is no worse! If either of you had been killed—why——"

She could get no further.

Miss Allyn put her arms around her just as she burst out crying.

"The path of the Temple Theatrical Company seems to be a thorny one," said the manager, with a sad smile toward Marion;

"but never mind, my little star, we are on the straight road to glory. With such brave young men and such noble young women in my company there can be no such word as failure, and I predict that we shall all return to New York wearing the laurel of victory."

"While our enemies will wear handcuffs!" added Fairfax, clanking a pair in his pocket.

"And that will add even more to our glory, for we will have been benefiting as well as entertaining the community."

"All is well that end's well," quoted Marion, happily; "and it seems that our present troubles are to end in a wedding—the first in the history of the Temple Theatrical Company."

"Who knows who may follow?" said Miss Allyn, slyly.

Marion Marlowe blushed until her cheeks looked like roses, for she knew that both the doctor and Mr. Temple had their eyes bent upon her.

THE END.

At the next stopping-place of the company, St. Louis, Marion Marlowe was to lose, for a time, the friendship of one of her best friends. How this was brought about, and the way it resulted, will be told in next week's MY QUEEN, in a story entitled, "Marion Marlowe in St. Louis; or, A Forger's Bold Deed."

PATTERN COLUMN.

By special arrangements with the manufacturers we are enabled to supply the readers of MY QUEEN with the patterns of all garments described or illustrated in this column at TEN CENTS each. Address, "Pattern Column," MY QUEEN, 238 William Street, New York City.

In ordering patterns be sure to give size and number

FASHION NOTES.

The ribbons this season are charmingly varied in flowered, striped and spotted designs, the pannette ribbons being especially soft and rich.

Cloth lace, or an applique trimming of cream cloth, finished around the edges with a small white silk cord, is one of the popular decorations for gowns, and revers of the fancy coats.

Silk stockings are all the rage. A fashionable lady at Newport has started a fad for plain stockings in one solid color and with the owner's monogram exquisitely embroidered on the ankle.

White is the most popular tint for evening gown, and much jeweled net and brilliant passementerie are used for its decoration. Green spangles on white are among the newest decorative devices.

Some of the prettiest party frocks for little girls are of white washing silk, with many encircling rows of Valenciennes insertion about the skirt. Light blue or pink nun's veiling, lace trimmed, is another favorite material for such occasions.

When purchasing sheer linen handkerchiefs it is well to remember that pure linen may be very readily recognized by moistening the tip of the finger and drawing the fabric over it. Linen will immediately show the moisture through its meshes, while cotton will absorb it.

The newest shape in bolero jackets shows rounded points in front, and large, turned-up cuffs on an elbow sleeve above a white lace flounce. At the back is a wide, short strand of silk, fastened with two gold buttons, under which fall the flat, long tails, slashed up the center, and reaching to the hem of the skirt.

No. 2382—GIRL'S DRESS, HAVING A THREE-PIECE SKIRT.

A school dress in this style would be made in serge, and, for more dressy occasions, cashmere or some other fine



wool goods would be used. The fitted lining pattern can be used for the guimpe if desired. The skirt is in three pieces, a front gore and wide side gores extending to the center back. Any light-weight material would develop the design well. The pattern is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Size 10 years requires five and one-half yards of 21-inch, or three yards of 42-inch material. As shown, two yards of

42-inch, with three-eighths of a yard of tucking, seven-eighths yard of all-over, one-half yard of velvet, and two yards of trimming.

No. 2381—LADY'S WAIST.

Tucked cream silk and the new rouge poplin were used for this model. The fitted lining fastens at the center-front under the yoke-vest. Velvet for the bertha would form a pretty combination. The yoke-vest could be made from the same material as the waist, either plain or tucked; if tucked, it should be done before cutting it. Taffeta or any light-weight wool fabrics are suitable for making the waist.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1-2 yards of 21-inch or 1 1-2 yards of 54-inch material. As shown, 1 3-4 yards of 42-inch, with 5-8 yard of tucking and 4 1-2 yards of trimming.





QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BY
GRACE SHIRLEY

NOTE.—This department is a special feature of this publication, and it will be appreciated, we feel sure, by all our readers. It is conducted by Miss Shirley, whose remarkable ability to answer all questions, no matter how delicate the import, is well known. Readers of "MY QUEEN" need not hesitate to write her on any subject. Miss Shirley will have their interests at heart and will never refuse her assistance or sympathy. As all letters are answered only through the columns of "MY QUEEN," it is unnecessary to enclose stamps. STREET & SMITH.

"I am a young girl, twenty years of age, and in love with a young man whom I esteem very much. I am undecided whether he loves me or not. He only calls about once a month, and when questioned last week about not coming he said he hated to spoil my good times as he could not afford to give me any. Please tell me whether this statement is true or whether he loves another?"

"A. R. E."

My dear girl, I wish I could answer your question, but, unfortunately, I am not able to read the young man's mind. Other young men have spoken that way and have been perfectly serious. We advise you to tell him that he is quite welcome to call and let it go at that. If he really cares for you, he will demonstrate the fact in time, but, if he is staying away from a matter of principle, we cannot help admiring him. Wait a while and perhaps the truth will be revealed. When he is in better luck he may come out of his shell and make fuller explanations.

"I do not like a certain young man who comes to our house, but my mother would like me to go with him. I like another young man whom she does not object to. How would you advise me to get rid of him?"

B. R."

Judging from your letter, you are very young, too young to be bothering your head very much about young men. A very simple way of getting "rid" of a man is to tell him kindly and simply that you do not care for his company. If this is unpleasant to you, why do you not absent yourself from the room while he is at the house? Plain, kindly speech is always good policy.

"Do you think it is right for a boy of fifteen years of age to go out nights with girls?"

"HOMER H."

We do not quite understand your letter, Homer. Where do you go and what kind of girls do you go with, and what kind of a boy are you? A good boy should be allowed to play with good girls of his age until bedtime, if it is a country village. This is the custom in small places where each neighbor knows his neighbor's children. In the city streets it is different, for parents cannot

know all of the children that their children are to meet.

A boy of fifteen should have no other motive in "going out nights with girls" than this, and his parents should be able to decide the question for him.

"I have been reading 'My Queen' and I am deeply interested in Marion Marlowe. I also take great interest in the questions asked and the answers you so kindly give, and I beg of you to answer one for me.

"I have a gentleman friend who will soon graduate in pharmacy, and I wish to ask your advice on what would be a suitable gift for me to present him?"

PAULINE J. C."

It depends entirely upon the amount you are able to put into a present and the degree of friendship which you feel for the young man.

A nice copy of The National Dispensatory would make a handsome present, but you would first have to ascertain if he already has one. A mortar and pestle would also be useful, and it would likewise be sentimental, for presumably sweet thoughts of you would thereafter be mixed in all his triturations. A third suggestion is this: You might purchase nice fat bottles of perfume and have them colored red, blue and green so that the sign of the corner drug store could be duplicated upon his dressing-case.

"You have answered questions for other girls and given advice to them, too, so here I come with my tale of woe. I am in love—at least, I think I am—with two fellows. One is older than the other. I don't love the younger one as well as I did; I can't tell why, but I don't. The older one I see every day and he seems to think a great deal of me, and yet I am not so sure of his affections as of the other's. He—the older—calls me 'little sweetheart and wife,' and he is always looking out for my welfare. He wants to take me up to see his father and sisters, but he is rather timid about asking my father and really does not want to take me without his consent. Do you think he cares anything about me? He is dark and I am a trifle lighter. The other is of about the same complexion as myself. I think I could be happy as his—the elder's—wife. But I don't think I could as the other's. The older is always

talking about when we are married, and like that, and I would like to have you tell me which one I should turn to, the younger or the elder. I have sent a letter before this on the same thing and I have taken every paper since they came out, but it has not appeared yet. M. G."

Judging from your letter, you do not love either of these men, consequently you should not marry either of them. When one loves truly there is no indecision. We advise you to make up your mind at once whose company you prefer, as it shows great fickleness of character to dilly-dally or keep "two strings to one's bow," as the saying goes. Unless you decide between them or against them we predict that you will very soon lose them both, as no man is going to waste much time on a girl who "keeps company" with two gentlemen. Probably by this time your other letter has been published, but there were a great many ahead of yours, and we try to publish them in the order in which we receive them.

"I am a girl of sixteen and like a certain young man very much, but my mother objects to my keeping company with any young fellow. I have a little sister who tells every time I speak to a gentleman. What would you advise me to do. J. O'R."

I advise you to mind your mother, by all means! You are too young to be in love, and your mother knows far better than you what is best for your welfare. Here is a motto for you to always bear in mind. Never do anything that you would not have your little sister or mother see or know. If you will stick to this, you will grow up to be a good woman.

"I am only sixteen, but I love a man of twenty-six. He is such a good man! Mamma, papa and I all like him. He used to room with us and some time ago he went with my sister and he loved her and during that time he went on a trip, and my sister married another man. I love him so I think I cannot live without him. I told him I cared for him, but I think he thinks me too young. He is good to me, but he will not room with us since my sister's treatment, but he promised to come and see us every day, but he don't come. He went with another girl before my sister, and she treated him mean, too. I don't see how they could, for he is so good and pretty, also. I cry from morning until night for fear he will go back to that other girl. I love him so I don't know what I will do if he don't come! I tell you this because I cannot tell anybody else. Please tell me what to do. MARTHA."

My poor little girl! I am truly sorry for you. If the gentleman knew what a true-hearted little woman you are, I am sure he would appreciate your honest regard, but he is right in thinking you too young for any serious attachment. No doubt you think that you could not love more deeply than you do now, but, some day, this childish infatuation will pass away and you will see how wise he was to keep away from you. Try to think of other things and put love out of your head for a few years more, my child; then per-

haps, your own true lover will come along and you will be glad and thankful that you waited for him.

"I am greatly in love with a young gentleman and he has given me up. Will you tell me how I can again win his love? I am seventeen years old and we went together for two years; the last year we were engaged. Could you read his letters, you would never doubt his love for me. E. K. L."

I am afraid, my dear, that there is no way of reawakening an old affection—at least, there is no sure way, and none that one can point out definitely.

It may be that his nature is fickle, and that you are better off without his affection. Try and feel that this is so and think as little about him as you can. You were altogether too young to be engaged, and my advice is to wait until you have finished your studies and become a woman in thought and action before you again enter into such an alliance. I am not sure that letters are any proof of true affection, my dear. You know the old saying that "talk is cheap." What one says amounts to very little. It is what one does that proves affection.

"A young gentleman who has recently moved on our street, and whom we have met on the street, spoke to us the other day. He seems to be a gentlemanly young fellow who has few acquaintances in the city, so he saw no way of getting a formal introduction. Is it wise to continue the acquaintance? M. E. & L. W."

If the young man is a gentleman, we can see no harm in your speaking with him, but, if he presumes further, and is in any way objectionable, you would be wise to discontinue the acquaintance. Have you no mother or father to whom you can go for advice in these matters? We are always glad to answer questions, but advise all our young readers to consult with their natural guardians on matters concerning their welfare and happiness.

"There is a girl who gets very much excited if you refuse her anything or do not want to go where she wants you to go. She likes to command, and you must obey or she says some very surly things. She pretends to be a friend, but do you really think she is? She is a girl who makes from ten to fifteen dollars a week and therefore can dress very well, while I can't dress nearly as well, therefore I don't like to go everywhere she goes. I have a gentleman friend who calls on me and I like to stay at home once in a while and not go out every time he calls, although he will go anywhere I ask him. I wish you would advise me what to do; to regard her as a true friend or just an acquaintance? Do you think I ought to bend my will to hers? MARY B."

If you are sensitive over the question of dress, your friend should try to consider your feelings. Each of you should yield to the other. There can be no "commanding" and "obeying" in true friendship. Explain to her why you do not wish

to always accompany her and, perhaps, she will be more thoughtful in future. Keep your own counsel. Be your own best friend. There is no one who will be truer to you than your own mother, if you have one. Make a confidante and friend of her and you will need no other. Let your girl friends be companions, but not your confidantes and advisers.

"Dear Miss Shirley, do not judge me too harshly. I am nineteen years of age and very anxious to 'take,' as the term is. I have never had a gentleman call on me, and a very near and dear friend has told me that I haven't any idea how many people dislike me. I have written to a lady reputed to be a reader of handwriting. She has told me I am loving and gentle and ought to have plenty of friends and admirers. Which do you think I should believe? I have read your answers and think you are one of the most sensible women I ever heard of.

"ANXIOUS ELIZABETH."

Thank you heartily for your kind words of praise. The fact that you are nineteen and have had no beaux is positively refreshing. It proves that you are a girl of brains and not just a silly little thing with no thoughts other than sentimental ones. We predict for you a very sweet love affair, indeed, for it will come at a time when you are well fitted to receive it, and, no doubt, the one love of your life will suffice for all that you have suffered. Cultivate the talents and graces that nature has given you. Be kind and courteous to all and just and upright in your dealings. This will cause you to "take" with the proper persons at the proper time, and no girl, however ambitious, could ask for more.

"Kindly advise me by one of your letters what to do in this case. I have been going with a young man for four years, and he never asks me to get married, and he never kisses me. I think it is a shame! I think he is keeping me for a fool! Please tell me what to do. M. K."

We certainly think you are very foolish to devote four years of your life to such a cold-blooded creature, and would advise you to transfer your affections at once, if the thing is possible. Apparently, the gentleman's affection for you is purely mental, so, if you desire a more material love, one that will put a roof over your head, it will be wise to look about you. Perhaps when he realizes that he is in danger of losing you he will awaken to a sense of his duty in your direction. We hope so, for you deserve a reward for your loyalty under such discouraging conditions.

"I am in love with a most charming girl, but as I am wealthy myself and this girl is poor, my parents wish me to marry some one wealthy, but I feel that if I do not get her I will never be happy. I wish you would advise me, Miss Shirley, as to what way you think would be best.

"LAURENCE V."

We think that the one you love is the proper one for you to marry, provided, of course, that

the young lady in question loves you. The fact that she is poor does not make her any less worthy of your affection and esteem. Marriages based upon pecuniary foundations are apt to be unsatisfactory.

"I have read your Correspondence Department for two weeks and also a good many numbers of 'My Queen,' and enjoyed them with great interest. Will you be kind enough to spare time to give me a little advice? I am in love with one of the sweetest, noblest-hearted girls in the United States. She is good and kind to me and thinks the world of me.

"But she told me frankly she did not expect to marry any one. I am afraid I'll lose her. Won't you please tell me what to do? L. McC."

The young lady may not expect to marry, but if she really thinks the world of you she may change her mind. You are not likely to lose her so long as she esteems you so highly. We would advise you to continue her acquaintance upon its present basis and not speak of marriage for some time. If she really cares for you she will want your society for herself and, possibly, will then become anxious to marry you. If your love affair does not work out its own salvation in the course of a few months, let us hear from you again.

"I am very much interested in 'My Queen,' and I read your book regularly. So I think you will help me out. I am a young man of nineteen; five feet, five inches tall; dark complexion. Am considered good-looking by my friends. Am neither rich nor poor and am a gentleman.

"I would like to make the acquaintance of a young girl of seventeen with a loving disposition. Must be good-looking and respectable and about five feet four inches tall. Don't you think a young man with a good girl friend is better off than with a lot of boy friends? FRED."

We are glad that you enjoy reading "My Queen," but we cannot assist you in your search for a suitable companion. "My Queen" is not designed for a matrimonial bureau, and you certainly ought to be able to make acquaintances without our assistance.

We think that any man is better for the benefit of women's society, but we do not believe in any young man of your age confining all his time and attention to any one girl. Go out with your boy friends and be a "man among men." It will not make you any less attractive to the fairer sex nor any less worthy of their esteem.

"I am in love with a young man, but my lady friend likes him also. He is engaged to me, but I think he likes her better. What would you advise me to do?

"This young man that I keep company with is very disagreeable at times. I am very jealous of him. He is a Protestant and I am a Catholic. He doesn't like my religion, and I don't like his. Do you think I would be happy if I were to marry him? I am thirty-four years old and he is the same age. I have been going with him since I was twenty-one. M. V."

If the young man prefers your friend's society to yours and thinks more of her than he does of

you, we cannot understand why you should desire to continue the engagement. The question of religion should not be allowed to interfere with love affairs, but, aside from that, we are doubtful whether you would be happy if married to a man of whose affection you are evidently not sure.

"I wrote to you about six weeks ago receiving no answer. I wanted to ask you a question."

"FLORENCE C."

We have no recollection of having received the letter you mention. We have been obliged to leave out the greater part of your letter as the statements contained in it were quite too broad to appear in the columns of "My Queen." Our advice to you would be to remember that your mother is the best judge of what is best for you. You should not hesitate to tell her at once what you have told me and abide by her decision.

"I am fifteen years old, but go about with girls much older than myself, and am now receiving many invitations to parties and dances. My folks say that I ought not to go into society before I leave school, but I will not finish school for over two years from now, and I do not want to lose all that fun. Please let me know what you would advise me to do."

FRANKIE H."

No girl ought to go into society while she is studying daily. You need all your brains and energy for your studies so that you will gain the full benefit of your advantages. You are quite fortunate to be able to stay in school for two years longer. Many girls are obliged to leave at an earlier age and enter the battle of life only half equipped for the struggle. Stick to your studies and learn all you can, then, when your school years are over, you will be so much better fitted to enjoy society that it will make up for the "good times" you have lost.

"Having read 'My Queen' and the kind advice given to others, I am going to ask your advice myself. I am a girl of sixteen, and I know a young gentleman and we both like each other."

"Do you think it is right to go to ride in the early part of the evening, as he has to deliver goods and has asked me to go along with him, but I refused until I got your advice."

"JESSIE G. S."

You are too young to be going about much with young men. We would advise you to consult your parents in regard to the rides proposed.

It seems to us that it would be much more ladylike for you to have the young man call upon you at your home after his duties are over.

"My father is a very stern, hard man, and will not allow me to go out of the house evenings or to receive callers. I am eighteen years old and am hungry for a little company. A few times I have managed to get out during the afternoon when he was at work, but I am really afraid of him, and this fear has spoiled all my enjoyment. I feel that I cannot live this way much longer. How would you advise me to act?"

BELLA R."

We would suggest that you talk the matter

over with your father calmly and quietly. Tell him that you do not wish to go contrary to his commands, but would prefer that he gave his consent to your having some of the pleasures that companions of one's own age affords. If he is at all a reasonable man this view will appeal to his common sense and you will have the satisfaction of being able to go out openly instead of secretly. Get over your fear as rapidly as you can. The person who fears is always at a disadvantage. If your father realized that you were not afraid of him he would probably treat you much better.

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Marion Marlowe Stories

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Marion Marlowe is a beautiful and ambitious farmer's daughter, who goes to the great metropolis in search of fame and fortune. One of the most interesting series of stories ever written; each one complete in itself, and detailing an interesting episode in her life. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. EDITED BY GRACE SHIRLEY.

•~•CATALOGUE~•

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| 1—From Farm to Fortune; or, Only a Farmer's Daughter. | 10—Marion Marlowe's Triumph; or, In Spite of Her Enemies. |
| 2—Marion Marlowe's Courage; or, A Brave Girl's Struggle for Life and Honor. | 11—Marion Marlowe's Disappearance; or, Almost a Crime. |
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| 4—Marion Marlowe's Noble Work; or, The Tragedy at the Hospital. | 13—Marion Marlowe's Christmas Eve; or, The Treachery of a Factory Inspector. |
| 5—Marion Marlowe Entrapped; or, The Victim of Professional Jealousy. | 14—Marion Marlowe's Escape; or, A Dangerous Mistake "On the Road." |
| 6—Marion Marlowe's Peril; or, A Mystery Unveiled. | 15—Marion Marlowe in Buffalo; or, Betrayed by a Rival Company. |
| 7—Marion Marlowe's Money; or, Brave Work in the Slums. | 16—Marion Marlowe in Cleveland; or, The Mystery of the Blood-Red Rose. |
| 8—Marion Marlowe's Cleverness; or, Exposing a Bold Fraud. | 17—Marion Marlowe in Columbus; or, Accused of a Crime. |
| 9—Marion Marlowe's Skill; or, A Week as a Private Detective. | 18—Marion Marlowe in Indianapolis; or, The Adventure of Dr. Brookes. |

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